

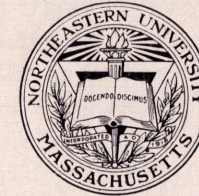
# The Student's Pen



MAY, 1935



# NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY



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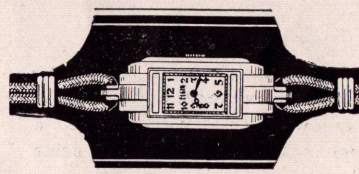
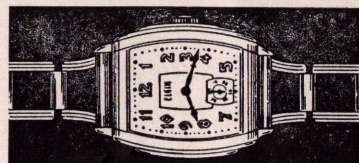
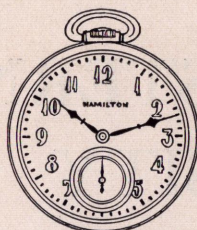
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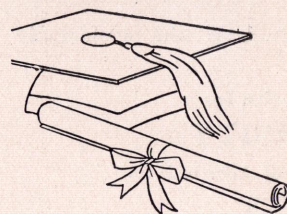
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PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

# THE STUDENT'S PEN

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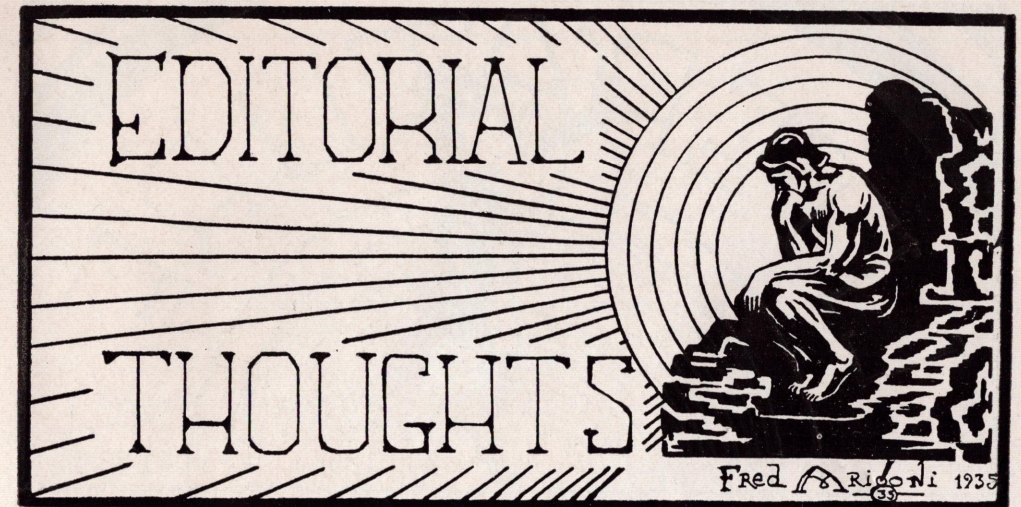
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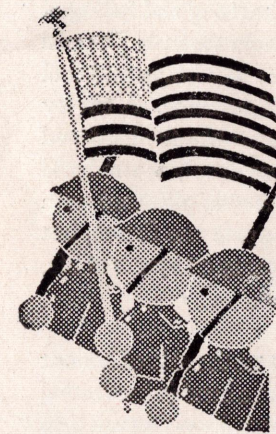


Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lower'd,  
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky,  
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,  
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.



### MEMORIAL DAY

"The sweetest day in all the year  
Comes when summer is almost here,  
When we with our roses, white and red,  
Strew the graves of our soldiers dead."



HOW well we recall those lines learned in the early days of our school life. And now we can add to our memory each year, the Spanish-American heroes who gave their contribution to America's safety and pride, the unknown soldiers, the gold-star mothers, Flanders Field, and many others too sacred to forget.

Today, as never before, we need to remember the acts of heroism performed by all those who served for liberty and freedom, served that we might live a fuller and nobler life. May we never forget them; but rather, let us copy our lives after them to make the sacrifice worthwhile, the sacrifice supreme.

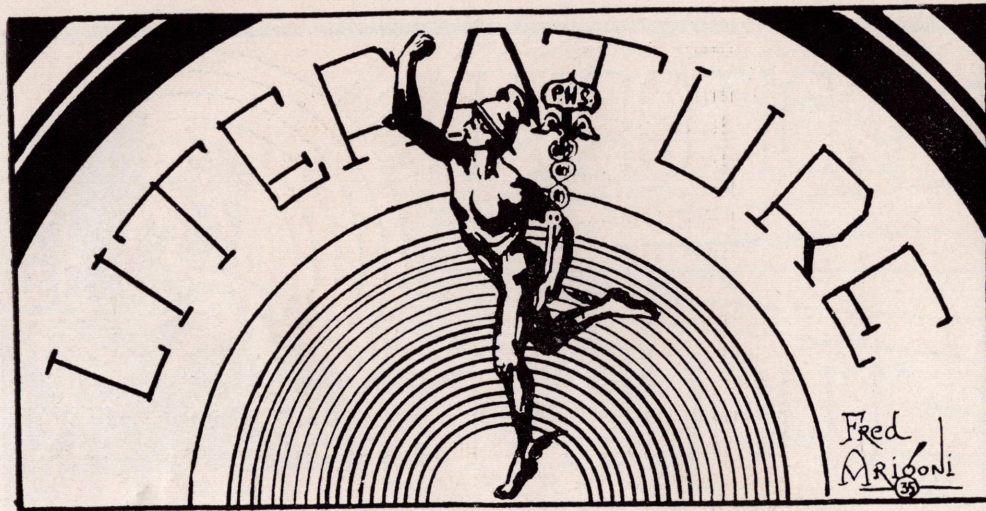
### "EVERY STUDENT IN HIS PART"

AIM high, and even though you fail to reach your goal, you will have tried. Too frequently, we shirk; not intentionally, but subconsciously we pass the burden on to someone else.

Every student owes it to himself, to his school, and to those with whom he associates, to be somebody. We owe our school the right to say we have tried, and tried hard. Our friends and acquaintances are dependent upon someone whom they can trust. So many people are slackers, not intending to be, but liking rather to sit back and let the other fellow do the work than to shoulder a burden himself.

Support the Senior A's Field Day!  
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## THE DAMN FOOL

ROOM 205 was a rhapsody in white, even to the patient's ghastly pallor. The only intimation that life existed in that tomb-like ward was the slight rising and falling of the bed sheet, like a gentle wave, as a weak, syncopated heart-beat monotonously pumped its filtered blood through the limp form huddled on the bed. The air was heavy and foul with the nauseating odors of iodine, ether, and a virtual pot-pourri of medicine. A silvery head lay above the spotless sheet. The eyes, dim, opaque, and textured like the hardened whites of eggs, stared, all unseeing, at the bare ceiling. The face was deeply scarred and roughened with Time's harsh abrasive. The wrinkled sacks under the eyes glistened with crystalized tears. Francisco Canno couldn't—didn't want to—anticipate the future, but in his semi-coma his subconscious mind reviewed and appraised his seventy odd years of life, as the health chart at the foot of the bed dropped jaggedly toward zero.

\* \* \* \* \*

Let's see now, I was born around 1866 in a village in Sicily, right on the side of Mount Etna. I can remember, I used to take care of my father's sheep, and lend a hand in harvesting the orchards. We used to grow olives, figs, almonds, lemons, and oranges. I would even help in making olive oil with the big stone press, churning the cheese, and once a year I'd have to tread the grapes into wine with my spike-studded shoes.

We lived in a two-story stucco and stone house with a red tiled roof. We kept the live stock on the first floor, and lived on the second and part of the roof. The village streets were narrow, cobbled alleys, crisscrossed with arches and shadowed with overhanging balconies. There was a sacred shrine in the form of a crucifix at every corner.

Early in the morning the milk peddler led his goats down the street, ringing a tinny bell and shouting his wares. I'd come running with a pitcher; and for a few pennies he'd milk the goats for me, right then and there, and we'd have rich, warm goat's milk for breakfast.

On Sundays, the quaint, two-wheeled donkey carts rattled through the arched alleys. The donkey was always decked with plumed tassels, and gilded trappings, while the wheels and the cart itself were richly carved and ornamented with gilt.

Then, when I was a young man, I met Josephine. A little later I married her. We were pretty happy. We had three children: Joseph, Harry, and Jesmonda. Things got pretty bad though, and we heard a lot of talk about the opportunity and money waiting for

everybody over in America. We scrimped and saved, and finally got just enough to buy my passage to the United States. I left for Palermo, the big seaport, and got a steerage trip in a freighter bound for New York. They gave me a damp corner and a blanket for a place to sleep, and fed me hard bread and a greasy stew every day. At last land was sighted. I remember, we all rushed to the rail and yelled. A group of us young fellows waved our hats and danced with each other—Liberty and a job, that's what we wanted.

Liberty! what a disappointment! After Ellis Island, as we passed down the gang-plank, three or four men approached us, offering food, money, and a job. We were ignorant, trusting, and expectant. We agreed, and were soon herded into a filthy train and carted away to an isolated camp in a mosquito infested hell in the New Jersey marshlands.

Slavery in America! How I laughed and cried. Work, back-breaking toil, oozing sweat, slime and filth, knotted pains, shovels, spades, picks, axes—it was an ungodly nightmare. We got a space of floor in a stinking hole, and a sickening diet of stale and sour food. Damn the mosquitos! We buried a poor devil every day. Then I weakened and got the fever, too. When they didn't need me any more they heaved me on to a wagon and drove me to town, where I was dumped into the gutter. Lucky day! I was found and taken in by a countrywoman of mine, and the old lady, by letting blood, slowly nursed me back to health. Holy woman!

From then on my luck changed for the better. I settled down among my friends in Newark and resumed my carpenter trade, pretty successful at that. I'd learned to speak a little English, and I soon had my citizen papers. Then I sent for my wife, Josephine, and the three children. My business prospered, and as a contractor I was hiring my own help. By this time I owned a few thousands in real estate. We had a beautiful home, and enough money to live comfortably, in comparative luxury. We had a horse and buggy, and every week I'd drive the family to Coney Island for a good time. Let's see, by this time we had Daisy, Rose, Anna, Frank, Nettie, and Josie, too.

Then we moved to Connecticut. Joe was first to get married, and he moved all the way out to Los Angeles. I'd taught him the carpenter trade. Next, Jessie eloped, and she went up to Massachusetts. Then Harry, just graduated from an architect school, got married. I cried like a baby every time, as if I'd been robbed. When Daisy married and went to New Jersey to live, I felt as if the end of the world had come.

I guess it had come too. I lost most of my real estate through a crooked deal put over on me, and had to move into the last house I had left to me. Frank, Rose, and Anna married, too. It was an old story now, but they still brought tears when I kissed them goodbye, one after the other. There was an empty spot in my heart that just couldn't be filled. With the depression that followed right after, I lost every cent. Josephine and I were left penniless. Then Nettie and Josie married. It was too much for me. I had my first stroke. We were left all alone. For fifty years our home had always been full of children—laughing, crying, yelling. Now we were alone again. I didn't have much kick coming. My children, on the whole, had married well. They'd married tailors, printers, barbers,—a good, honest lot, the whole bunch of them. I knew, though, that they were as bad off as I was, financially. A dime could have bought the lot of them. They simply lived from hand to mouth, from day to day.

The luxuries we had been accustomed to had disappeared. We were old now, and didn't mind doing without some of the pleasures of life. My strokes came more frequently. For days at a time I was flat on my back. When I was feeling half way decent, I puttered



around my little garden, weeding the carrots, and pruning the tomatoes. Every week the postman brought the mail, six or seven letters, and we would cry over the joys and sorrows alike of our children and their children. By this time we had nineteen grandchildren, six boys named after me, and five girls named after Josephine. I know how hard it must have been for them to get along with the expense of children; still, they popped in on our birthdays, and whenever the men could get off for a holiday. Pretty soon these visits began dropping off. I didn't blame them. They just couldn't afford it, but every week there was a two or a five dollar bill in practically every letter. Then, last Christmas, they all chipped in and surprised Mom and me with a radio. This was the only luxury now except for that daily cigar I just couldn't deny myself.

I developed a nauseating stomach trouble. I couldn't hold my food. The doctors X-rayed me while I ate, and they think I've a cancer or tumor. Oh, no, Harry wouldn't tell me or Mom that. He said it was nothing to worry about, but I heard the doctor telling the nurse. That's why I wasn't very surprised when yesterday, one by one, the children drifted home to see their old Dad once more. There isn't much hope. At my age, a man—Oh, well, how good it makes a man feel to die loved and respected by his own children after seventy years on earth!

\* \* \* \* \*

The deepening shadows of late afternoon had modulated the white rhapsody into a drab gray, as the young internes wheeled the old man from room 205 toward the operating annex. The eyes were watered and faded, but smiling. One of the young men nudged the other in mock derision, "Laughing, the damn fool!"

Peter J. Barreca, '35

## IN SLANDER'S FIELDS

(SYNOPSIS OF PART I)

Eenie Perritegg Mason, detective and champion of the fairer sex, finds a case to match his wit and skill when he endeavors to solve the problem of one Mrs. Cordell, an exotic redhead, who is being threatened with blackmail. At the present moment, our hero is faced with the prospect of Death by a gleaming steel knife . . . Suddenly a woman's scream rends the air—

### PART TWO—Conclusion



THAT scream did something to Eenie. It was as if he had suddenly come in contact with the unprotected end of a live wire, the resultant sparks being sent speeding through his body and igniting him with electrical energy. There was something about it—a certain strangeness and yet, a peculiar mixture of familiarity—that he could not understand. All he did know was that someone was in distress; that "someone" was a woman; and that the remaining moments of life in one Eenie Perritegg Mason—the A No. 1 rescuer of distressed damsels—would no doubt be very short, what with the wicked steadiness of that approaching knife.

Then, closely following upon the first, came another scream!

For one brief instant the steadiness of that knife varied and the eyes of the attacker wavered. And in that instant, Eenie Mason's foot kicked a box.

Now Eenie Mason had played football at college. In fact, it had been rumored that he was the greatest fullback the school had ever produced. Time and time again he had thrilled to the cheers and plaudits of the grandstanders when he made one of his famous placement kicks. But never, in all of his brilliant years as a shining star, had he made such a beautiful

placement as he made when he wound his foot around that box and kicked it swiftly and surely into the face of his assassin, throwing him off his guard and smashing his flashlight, thereby winning another play in the great Game of Life.

The man was sent reeling backward, and Eenie lost no time in pouncing upon him. Over and over they rolled, pounding, kicking, groaning. At intervals could be heard the sound of a fist missing its mark and hitting some unprecedented object, followed by the muffled curses of the victim. But recklessly they fought on in the darkness, caring naught for life nor limb. Until at length there rose above the scuffling, the sound of a fist striking a mighty blow on someone's chin—a sound not unlike the sudden snap of a stout piece of hickory—followed by the thud of a falling body. And Eenie Mason tenderly rubbed his fist. Quickly he lighted a match, and bent over the unconscious form beneath him, made sure it was apt to remain unconscious for some time to come, and then dashed toward the cellar stairs.

The stairs, as in most of those old houses, opened into the kitchen. Stealthily he groped his way along in the darkness. Above him, he could hear a subdued patter of feet; and he picked his way carefully through the long, narrow corridors until he found what was obviously a flight of stairs leading to the second floor. There was no use in trying to be quiet; the stairs seemed persistent in their efforts to creak and groan. At any moment he expected a step to slide away, or a mechanical arm to fly out, as in the mystery stories he had read; but nothing of the kind happened and he soon reached the second floor. From one of the rooms off from the corridor, he could see a dim flicker of light, like that given off by a candle; and he made his way toward it. As he came nearer, he heard the sound of scuffling in the room; and he cautiously bent to the keyhole in order to peek in. What he saw caused him to catch his breath, and his heart to play hop-scotch; then resolutely he rose and threw wide the door:

"Bets!"

In the far corner of the room lay Betty Dixon, bound hand and foot to an iron couch.

"Quick, Eenie," she said, "get Mrs. Cordell—she just ran through that door on the other side of the room!"

Eenie looked at the door, thrown wide open.

"Mrs. Cordell? Why, what's she . . . How can . . . Say, you're not kidding me?"

"Do I look as if I'd be kidding? Go on, hurry, catch Mrs. Cordell; then come back and untie me!"

Eenie waited for no more, but ran quickly to the open door through which, according to Betty, Mrs. Cordell had just passed. But try as he might, in that darkness, though he hunted as best he could, there was no Mrs. Cordell to be found.

"It's no use," he said to Betty upon his return, "I guess she was too fast for me. But what is this? How come I should chase after my own client? What was she doing up here? And say, come to think of it, what are you doing here?"

"If you'll stop your raving, and come over here and untie me, I'll explain the whole thing," she said.

"Well, okay." Eenie's heat was cooled by Betty's breeze of reason.

"It's like this," she said as he advanced to the couch and began to free her from her bonds, "right after you left, I found on the floor beside the chair in which Mrs. Cordell had been sitting, a vanity case she had evidently dropped without knowing it. I naturally stooped to pick it up; and as I did so, the back of it, which was false, snapped off! On the inside of the fake cover was a raised stamp in the shape of a dragon of the same sort the blackmailers stamped their supposed letter to Mrs. Cordell! Naturally, when I saw this,



the thought came to me that the whole idea was all premeditated and that she was actually in league with the blackmailers! I immediately tried to reach you on the phone at Mrs. Cordell's apartment, but there was no answer."

"We heard the phone ringing just as we were leaving, but she said not to mind it," Eenie told her. "But go on—"

"Well, you can imagine how I felt, knowing what I did! At first I thought of calling the police and going right out to the house to make an arrest; but on the other hand I knew how you disliked police interference. So I wrote a note explaining the whole thing to Inspector Donnally, and telling him how to reach the house. Then I put the note in an envelope and gave it to Peggy, the telephone operator. I told her that if she hadn't heard from us by ten o'clock this evening, to open the note and read its contents to Inspector Donnally."

Eenie looked at his watch: "It's ten-thirty now; we'd better try to lay low until they get here. But how did you get like this?" He pointed to the couch he had just liberated her from.

"As soon as I gave Peggy the note, I took my car and came out here. I didn't know whether you had been here or not and I decided the best way to find out was to see if the money was where they told you to put it. I climbed the porch and walked across it to peek into one of the windows. When suddenly someone clapped a hand over my mouth, picked me up, and carried me into the house. They brought me to this room and tied me onto the couch, then they went into the next room. They left the door open and I could hear them talking about, 'They ought to be here soon,' 'About time for 'em,' and the like. I also gathered that the leader of the gang is a man by the name of 'Charlie'.

"It wasn't long before you arrived, and I heard them move downstairs. I was bewildered as to anything that happened after that until that horrid Mrs. Cordell came up, after what seemed like hours later, and told me, 'They've got your boy friend, and he'll soon be out of the way!' Well, with everything that had happened and then to be told that, I guess I just couldn't hold out any longer, so I let out a scream!"

"Thereby saving my life," breathed Eenie fervently. "But what about the second scream?"

"Well, when I screamed the first time, they all came running in here. But Mrs. Cordell told them to leave me with her, and they left. Then she came toward me, threatening to use the old idea of burning the soles of my feet unless I kept still!"

"And so, woman-like, you let out another scream?"

"Well, yes. But what are we going to do now?"

Before Eenie could reply, they were interrupted by a voice from behind them:

"You're gonna stay right here 'til we c'n think o' da best way ta do away wid ya!"

They turned and saw, standing in the doorway off the corridor, a big brute of a fellow, wearing on his none-too-comely physiognomy a none-too-entrancing sneer and holding in his large powerful hand an equally powerful-looking automatic.

"Say, what's the idea of all this?" asked Eenie.

"We bin after you fer a long time, buddy," the man replied, "and you've bin after us fer just as long; it was a race ta see who'd win out, and it looks like we've won! And lemme tell ya, ya needn't plan on bein' rescued by yer police friends, 'cuz we'll be gone before they get here!" With that he left the room, shutting the door and locking it behind him.

"Nice pleasant fellow," mused Eenie, trying to act nonchalant. "But it rather looks as if we're in somewhat of a jam, eh, kid?"

"Oh, Eenie, what will we do? We'll never get out of this alive!"

"The best thing for us to do is to sit tight and hope that the detectives will arrive in time. And, Bets," he said, going over and sitting beside her on the couch, "if they don't get here in time to save us, I want you to know that, well . . . Bets, I love you!"

"Oh, Eenie, I've waited for so long to hear you say that, because I love you, too; but why must we find it so late—too late?"

"Perhaps it won't be, if we have courage," he said as he bent to kiss her; and they were held in each other's arms for many minutes.

Suddenly, however, there was a loud clamor downstairs, the scurrying of feet, and the sound of struggling finally interrupted by the crisp command to:

"Put 'em up!"

"The detectives!" shouted Eenie. "I told you there was still a chance!" Furiously he began pounding on the door.

Presently they heard footsteps along the hall, and it was just a matter of a few minutes before a key was inserted in the lock, and the door opened. There, in the doorway stood a large man wearing a badge on his coat lapel, and carrying a revolver in his hand.

"We got your note, Miss Dixon, and we hurried here as fast as we could," he said.

"But I thought Inspector Donnally was coming," said Betty.

"Donnally's away on another case, so they sent me. O'Daniels is the name—James O'Daniels. I've got a couple of assistants downstairs holding the gang; let's go down."

Together they descended into the large, bare living room dimly lighted by candlelight. Two detectives were holding the blackmailers at bay—eight of them including Mrs. Cordell. Eenie heaved a sigh of relief as they saw them.

"There's a car just outside the door," said O'Daniels. "You two had better hop in it and go back to the city. We'll come back later in the police car that'll be here soon."

"But I have a car just off the main road," Eenie informed him.

"And so have I," put in Betty.

"They've smashed both the engines," replied the detective, "so you can't very well use them. Now, you take ours, and we'll tend to these mugs!"

"Okay, thanks," said Eenie, only too glad to get away. "Come on, Bets."

Together they went outside and climbed into the car in front of the house. Eenie started the engine. He let out the clutch and started to shift. When suddenly there came to their ears the sound of a siren. A car turned up the driveway and came speeding toward them. Eenie honked the horn to warn them, and both cars slammed on their brakes. Out of the second car jumped a band of policemen headed by a plain-clothesman who, as they came alongside, stuck his head in the window:

"What's going on around here?"

"Inspector Donnally!" exclaimed Betty.

"Who in blazes did you think it was?" asked the Inspector.

"Why, Detective O'Daniels said you were on another case," said Eenie.

"Detective O'Daniels? Who in the name of my Aunt Anastatia's Sunday-go-to-meeting petticoat is he?"

"Detective O'Daniels? Why, he's the man they sent in your place."

"Sent in my place? Who? How? When? Why? Come on, men, let's go for that house—there's a strange odor of fish in the air!"

Bewildered, Eenie and Betty followed, remaining on the porch while the officers went inside. There followed hoarse shouts and mad scurrying. The lights went out. Shots filled the air. There was the sound of blows. Groans. The thud of falling bodies.



Suddenly the door was flung open; and a figure sped by, leaving a strong scent of powder behind it.

"Mrs. Cordell!" exclaimed Eenie, and made a flying tackle at the figure. Over and over they rolled. Mrs. Cordell rose to her feet, and Eenie temporarily forgot all matters of etiquette and struck her squarely in the jaw. Down she went in a limp heap, just as someone relighted the candles. Eenie dragged her into the house where Inspector Donnally and his men were holding the much bruised and battered blackmailers at the point of their guns.

"Detective O'Daniels, eh?" asked Donnally, kicking the unconscious form of the one who had recently given that as his name. "Why, he's one of the blackmailers!"

"But why were they going to let us escape?" asked Eenie.

"That's one thing that I can't—"

But Inspector Donnally was saved the embarrassment of admitting he didn't know by the sound of a terrific explosion out in front of the house.

Quickly, Eenie dashed out and saw, showering all about him, pieces of the car he had a few moments before been driving.

"A time bomb!" exclaimed Donnally. "Well, that explains the whole idea. They faked the detective gag so you'd think it was on the level. Then you'd go off in the automobile, get blown to bits, and they'd escape with no one the wiser. Pretty clever!"

One of the policemen came in with a bucket of water and advanced to Mrs. Cordell, lying in a heap on the floor. He swished the contents of the pail over the highly-painted redhead, and, watching, they all fell back in astonishment. For the force of the water hit that flaming hair, knocking it off, and disclosing a brilliantly bald head; and it washed off much of the paint, disclosing the unmistakable features of a *man*!

"Grease-paint Charlie!" exclaimed the Inspector. "So he's the redhead of this!" His smart attempt at punning fell on already stunned ears.

"It's-a-a man!" stammered Eenie unbelievably. "Mrs. Cordell—a *man*!"

"Known as 'Grease-paint Charlie,'" said Donnally. "The cleverest master of disguise in the profession! And, say—there's a sizable reward coming to you for his capture!"

But Eenie didn't answer. He couldn't. Vaguely he remembered hearing Inspector offering him a position on the force. Hardly registered in his clouded mind was the realization of how a very pretty blonde secretary helped him into his car, which proved to be in good condition, and drove him home. He even forgot, for the moment, as they drove along in the coming dawn—appearing as the Great Housekeeper drew up the shades of darkness—that he was in love with that secretary.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was Memorial Day. Eenie and Betty were walking along Main Street, oblivious of the fact that bands were playing, flags were waving, and gay celebration was in the air. They were celebrating by themselves. Eenie had accepted Inspector Donnally's offer of a position on the police force as private investigator. The plans for obtaining the reward money were practically completed. The blackmailers were in jail awaiting a speedy trial and certain conviction. And last, greatest of all, they were in love.

"You know, Miss Dixon," Eenie said slyly as they walked along, "I've thought of a way by which we can avoid a great many disputes that might arise in our married life."

"And that is, Mr. Mason?" she questioned.

"To do ourselves and mankind a service—" he paused, flicked an imaginary piece of lint from his coat sleeve, and continued, a merry twinkle in his eye, just before they vanished from sight in the surging crowd, "—by raising a 'Mason-Dixon line!'"

Richard S. Burdick, '36

## "PADDLING THROUGH THE MIST"



A CANOE creeping slowly and carefully through the mist, two canoeists with eyes peeled for unexpected stumps, mysterious sounds floating through the still air, yet nothing visible but fog—that is paddling through mist—an experience that one doesn't forget readily.

Early in the morning when one is paddling through mist with the sun's rays piercing it here and there, the predominant sensation is a realization of how beautiful fog can be. The sun produces almost indescribably beautiful transitory scenes on the fog eddying about under the impulse of a gentle morning breeze. In still fog the sun diffuses a soft rosy glow while it makes the trees bordering the water glisten, and the dew on leaves and branches sparkle like so many diamonds. There is always the contrast between the deep blue water and the cold grey or warm rosy fog. The sun, fog, and a light breeze may transform this prosaic world into a unique picture which no ordinary artist could capture.

While these transformations parade before the eyes, sounds float from the world hidden by the blanket of mist. The discordant cries of crows, the clear, liquid whistle of the oriole, now and then the roar of a car as some motorist warms his cold motor—all come through the white veil.

On the flesh is the cold damp feeling caused by the brisk morning air.

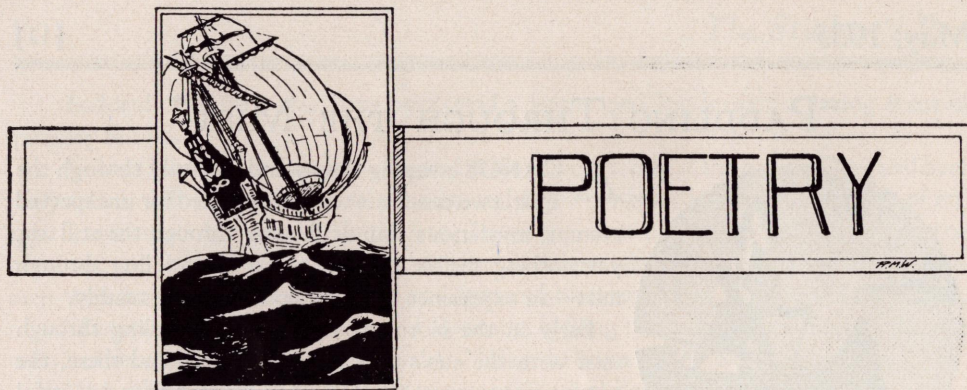
Paddling through mist in the morning leaves one refreshed and radiant; paddling in the evening more likely will make one pensive. At night absolutely nothing is visible. One's conception of the outside world can be obtained only through the ears. The croaking of frogs, the splash made by a fish, car horns, and laughter coming from merry-makers at some cottage—these are the only contacts with the rest of the world. Much more common, however, is silence which lends an air of mystery to the water and the mist. Besides one never knows when he may ram a floating log or another canoe. The silence and the darkness make this possible.

Because the conditions of paddling in the morning and at night are dissimilar, the resulting sensations are different; yet paddling under both conditions is somewhat synonymous because one doesn't forget either experience very quickly.

There is an analogy between paddling through mist and going through life. When a person is gliding silently through fog, he may know where he wants to go, but he may end up at some place far from his destination. In other words, he is going but doesn't know where. In life we choose some goal, yet sometimes we never attain it. Both the canoeist and we desire to land at some coveted place; but because of unforeseen obstacles or distractions we may never reach it; or if we do, only after much waste of time and effort. That's life—and life and paddling through mist are both interesting and a mighty experience.

John Powers, '35





### WHERE DREAMERS GO

Oh, I know a South Sea Island  
Where the moon shines every night,  
And it bathes the shore in splendor,  
With a mellow, golden light.  
Oh, the air is sweet as honey,  
And the sea is always fair;  
And you think you see the mermaids  
Swimming by with streaming hair.  
All the nights are filled with magic,  
(For it's always night time there)—  
It's the isle where truant minds  
Can find relief from work and care.  
Any teacher knows when questions  
Are not answered right away,  
That the student mind's been wandering  
In that South Sea Isle all day.

Mary O'Boyle, '35

### THE FISHER LAD

At early dawn you'll oft times see  
In some green pasture's rivulet,  
The grinning lad submerged to knee  
With hook and line where trout abide.

No care or woe his soul annoys  
His heart to Nature's song attuned;  
Her gifts to Man he well enjoys  
To Heaven he sings a thanks returned.

Rosemary Cummings, '35

### NIGHT DESCENDS

("Night Descends", a descriptive poem, was composed by the English 8-4 class, Room 235. It is a typical exercise of the work of this class in the study of poems.)

A soft light covers field and wood  
And creeping shadows now appear,  
The dangling ribbons of night's hood,  
Vague warnings of black darkness near.

Bright stars, the street lamps of the sky,  
Illuminate a great White Way.  
King Moon, the only passer-by,  
Begins his trip to close the day.

The farmhouse lights begin to glow  
Like gold pens dipping into ink.  
Now weary things of nature go  
To rest and into slumber sink.

### MAYTIME

The springtime is on the earth;  
How beautiful the scene!  
The sloping fields on every side  
Are tender, living green.

'Tis Maytime, and all nature sings  
In thankfulness and praise  
To Him who made the earth so fair  
And crowned with sunny days.

Laura Beckwith '36



### TO MOTHER

Her loving hands soothe all the petty cares  
That seem so great to us, and drive the fears  
That come to harass and annoy away,  
And help us in our work and in our play.

No heart can ever understand so well.  
No lips can ever half so sweetly tell  
The tales she's told. No eyes could ever scold  
Yet hold within the love that her eyes hold.

There may be locks of silver in her hair,  
And perhaps in her face, a line or two—  
A wrinkle where her lips have upward curled.

She is the one who'll rule our hearts forever;  
And since who rules our heart our work rules too,  
The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.

Roberta Bufe, '35



## BRIDE OF THE FOREST

By the Great Lake's crystal water  
Grew a grove of sacred pine trees.  
Breezes whispered in their branches,  
Woodland creatures lived beneath them,  
And amid them purred a brooklet  
Rippling onward to the ocean.  
On its banks of cool green mosses  
Grew the flowers of the springtime.

In the forest by the Great Lake  
Are two pine trees, tall and slender,  
And as breezes play around them,  
You can hear them whisper softly;  
Murmuring of woodland secrets,  
And their love for one another,  
As they stand in close communion  
Casting shadows on the water.

One is Leelinaw, the princess,  
For 'tis here that she has hidden  
As the sweet bride of the forest  
In the heart of a young pine tree.  
Close beside her stands her lover,  
Tall and slender, young and handsome;  
Here they two shall dwell forever  
Safe within the sacred forest.

Roberta Bufe, '35

September, 1934

## OUR OWN ALMANAC

May, 1935

## SEPTEMBER:



fifth: School opens with five new teachers—Miss Whitmire, Mr. Davison, Miss Viger, and Mr. McMahon. Miss Mangan leaves to captain Central Junior

High's ship.

Students enjoy looking out windows newly washed for the year.

Howard Hunter is made captain of the student traffic police. Friends present him with a pair of arch supporters.

Cheering squad begins cheering.

Betty Bickford becomes editor of the PEN and institutes refusal slip service for budding authors who do not wish to send to other magazines for them.

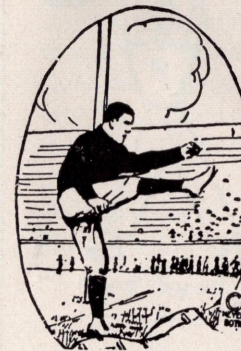
Football candidates report.

Debating Club inaugurates its season by moving from Room 330 to Room 311, which is specially soundproofed.

Bulletin gives teachers hints on parking cars.

Castanet-kneed upperclassmen tell how it's done in special sophomore assembly.

## OCTOBER:



second: Pittsfield loses 13-2 to Hotchkiss. Five students who skipped to see game lose to Mr. Strout. Ted Shawn and his group dance for the school.

sixth: Pittsfield beats Poughkeepsie 6-0. Miss Kaliher rewards Captain Simmons with three pencils bound with a purple and white ribbon. Footballman Les Balmer begins growing a beard in lieu of shoulder pads.

Peter Barreca becomes student head of the band.

thirteenth: Pittsfield ties Williamstown 6-6.



Dancing classes start in gymnasium. Early reports indicate plenty of "trip" but little "light fantastic."

Junior A's elect Frank Condon their first class president; Senior B's pick Francis Lusignan; Senior A's, Lester Balmer.

Alicia Olinto brings mock turtle to school for company in lonely study halls. twentieth: Pittsfield massacres Albany Academy 13-0.

twenty-third: Miss Hodges suffers injury to right arm, as rising young sophs sympathize with envious looks.

twenty-seventh: We beat Adams 6-0.

## NOVEMBER:

Football Captain Ralph Simmons is appendixed.

Old marking system for report cards returns as thousands cheer.

third: P. H. S. 12; Drury O. Roses.

tenth: P. H. S. 19; Lee O. Orchids.

seventeenth: P. H. S. 0; Turners Falls 14. Scallions.

Junior girls win hockey championship. Puck'er up, now!

Doting parents visit school during Educational Week to get the low-down on offspring.

STUDENT'S PEN has football issue. Girls take to hero on cover; aspiring boys strike imitating pose, their sincerest form of flattery.

twenty-ninth: Students are assembled into action for annual Thanksgiving Day



# LEST WE FORGET—



the girls' gym  
exhibition



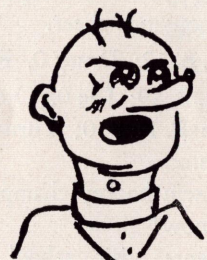
"the taxi drivers" hats  
which struck the school  
like wildfire



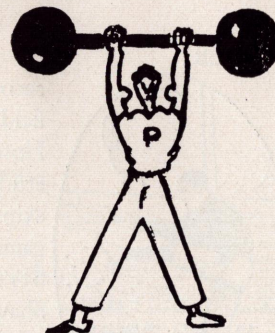
"Les" Balmer  
man of  
aff-hairs



MR. HERRICK as  
Vincentio in the  
"Faculty Play"



Bishop "Bob" Ford  
hollering for his  
money in the  
"Senior Play"



the boys' gym  
exhibition

"M. Strong"



game with St. Joseph's; parade up North Street day before to sell tickets; glumly watch scoreless tie; remember that the Pittsfield team are county champions anyway; take goal posts. Everyone happy as both schools claim victory.

## DECEMBER:



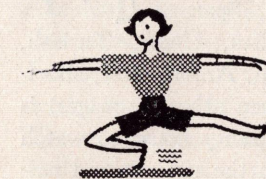
Circus-man Sandy Head presents the colossal Pittsfield High School Circus, divides honors as a laugh-getter with Caesar Magnone et al in the audience. Bulletin warns students to be on lookout for possible school bombers. Danger is

averted, however, when Les Balmer removes beard and fear of Bolshevik trouble.

Pete Kellar and Steve Trepacz elected co-captains of football for 1935.

Jinx on this year's captains has school wondering. Basketball Captain John Gull also appended. The "butter-toast" magician, however, calls off jinx. Household Arts girls study personal charm.

Girls have party. PEN wonders if the girls or the teachers had more fun.



Lorraine Millet, girls' track champion, declared school's best girl athlete. Basketball team

is organized; and on the fourteenth: Pittsfield, 48; Berkshire Prep, 12. And on the

twenty-first: Pittsfield, 12; Adams, 17. First tea dance proves successful. Bud Evans' and Sonny Williams' dancing gain them nicknames of "carbon copies of Fred Astaire".

## JANUARY:

fourth: Senior A's present *Big Hearted Herbert* starring Janet Meade and Thomas Kelly. Realize largest sum in some years.



eighteenth:  
Junior  
Prom.  
Mr. Leahy  
regales  
chemistry  
classes  
with tales  
of the old  
days when  
he had to

sneak out of Morningside through back alleys to get to the Prom without his white flannels being un-whitened.

Miss Parker begins Orientation classes for Sophomore B girls, who wonder if they have to study geography in high school.

Mr. W. D. Goodwin delivers annual lecture on habits to his Junior A Cicero class.

Students start "Down with Homework" campaign which the *Eagle* terms a "strike"; the PEN, a "strike-out." Pomeroy Cutler appears wearing blood-red shirt and flaming red tie to match. Students and teachers send out for dark glasses.

twenty-first: Seniors present class day; and

twenty-second: graduate; and

twenty-fourth: hold banquet.

fifth: Pittsfield beats Williamstown 16-12; and



ninth: St. Joseph's of North Adams 34-16; and  
eleventh: Bennington 32-28; and  
fourteenth: St. Joseph's of Pittsfield 33-16; and  
eighteenth: loses to Drury 22-28; as well as  
twenty-third: to Dalton 24-25; and  
twenty-fifth: to Drury 12-25.

## FEBRUARY:

First shipment of Senior A rings arrives. Many found to be too small, boys philosophize with, "That's allright" Miss Power is absent due to broken leg. One of her English classes has five teachers in rapid succession. A teacher a day keeps the homework away.  
eighth: P. H. S. girls drown St. Joseph's 31-16 at swimming meet.  
Billy Evans elected Junior A president. Senior B's pick Frank Condron again; Senior A's, Francis Lusignan again.  
Miss Kaliher and Mr. Geary re-enact Battle of Fallen Timbers in Room 206. Victory undecided. No armistice, however.



Another tea dance—promise of no tea makes it well attended.

Edward Koenig captures three places in a Greylock Ski Club meet. Another sophomore class is addressed by upperclassmen speaking on the extra-curricular activities. Debate on the adoption of student government is won by negative team captained by Richard Burdick. Bulletin asks pupils not to chew gum, use scratching pens, wink, blink, tap pencils absent-mindedly, or yawn during study periods, as any such action would prevent teachers from concentrating on their lines for the faculty play. Pipes burst in Room 231. Several waterwings observed in desks.

Basketball team ties with Williamstown for second place in the league. Games: first: Pittsfield defeats Adams 21-13; sixth: and St. Joseph's of North Adams 23-18;  
eighth: and Williamstown 33-25;  
fifteenth: but loses to Dalton 28-35;  
eighteenth: and again wins over the Pittsfield St. Joseph's 25-19;



twenty-first: and finishes the season with a 32-25 victory over Bennington.

Virginia Bickford becomes new editor of PEN, thereby keeping job in family. *The Shadow* dies, "his" identity still a mystery. Rising detectives try to track down his successor, LEN.

## MARCH:

Miss Conlon's Latin classes exhibit some fine work in their annual handicraft exhibit.  
William Carter and Donald Graves hold milk-drinking contest in the cafeteria. Carter is ahead, six bottles to five, when Mr. Ford interrupts the procedure. Graves gulps, "Five down and one to go." But Mr. Ford is adamant.



fourth: The faculty play (long advertised in English, French, German, Spanish, Latin, Italian, Greek, Turkish, Chinese, Russian, Arabic, Erse, shorthand, and a dozen other languages) is presented—a capacity house to watch P.H.S. guides on the straight and narrow path enact Shakespeare's *The Taming of The Shrew*. And no homework for the next day.



THE STUDENT'S PEN publishes its winter sports issue in the midst of the most springlike weather reported in the last ten years for the month of March.

Albert Cone speaks on his travels at a special assembly.

Spelling trouble sweeps high school. Mr. Lynch finds *rassin* for *raising*; *murkurr* for *mercury*. Miss Kaliher finds *inshitive* and *insistive* for *initiative*; *Hong Cong*, *Hon Con*, and *Honk Conk* for *Hongkong*; *earged* for *urged*; and *Zhar* for *Czar*.

Miss Hodges' arm breaks out with arthritis, as some of her pupils break out with measles.

## APRIL:

College board classes start.

Baseball candidates report.

tenth: County debates: Pittsfield wins at Stockbridge, loses to Lee here. Local team takes great fancy to girls from Lee, shows them the school, incidentally missing two periods.

Mr. Nugent becomes principal of Pontoosuc School. His place in Commercial Dept. taken by Mr. Reagan.  
fifteenth: Mr. Strout calls special assembly and warns about climbing nearby fences lest we get caught (both ways). Miss Millet hands back a corrected French test on the day she has promised to do so, catching her French 7 class completely unawares.

PEN dedicates issue to Mr. Nugent, famous business adviser, who is succeeded by Mr. Holly.

The measles sweep through high school. Early victims plan to start Measles' Club, which will gather monthly and hear talks from members on their particular sieges with the disease—something in the manner of the Blizzard of

1888 Club. Mr. Sheridan faculty adviser. Mr. A. P. Goodwin's Solid Geometry class takes up collection to buy him a Tinker Toy set for bigger and better solid geometry models.

Senior A's present "*Nothing But the Truth*", Bud Prodgors being forced to comply. The tightness of Sir Giftos' moustache in Act I causes momentary incapacity on stage and prolonged anxiety backstage. Cast meets Dalton Senior Cast of "*Dulcy*" after show.

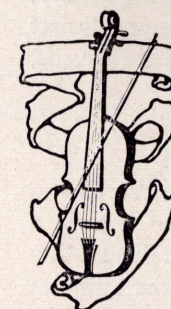
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

## MAY:

fourth: Miss Parker accompanies group of girls to M. S. C. campus. Boys, not to be outdone, spend week-end at Y Conference in Northampton.

Bette Owen loses two dollars to Billy Nesbit on a bet that he won't jump into Pontoosuc Lake, swim thirty yards, and do three surface dives. But Bette claims that she and the gang ate almost two dollars worth of food later, for which Bill gallantly paid.

Boys' and girls' gymnasium classes present annual exhibitions. The girl on the Flying trapeze found missing, but the daring young men are right there.  
eleventh: Pittsfield baseball team defeats Lenox School 16-0 in opening game.



Chain letters invade Pittsfield. Enterprising Juniors start a "Buy-a-Prom-ticket" chain.

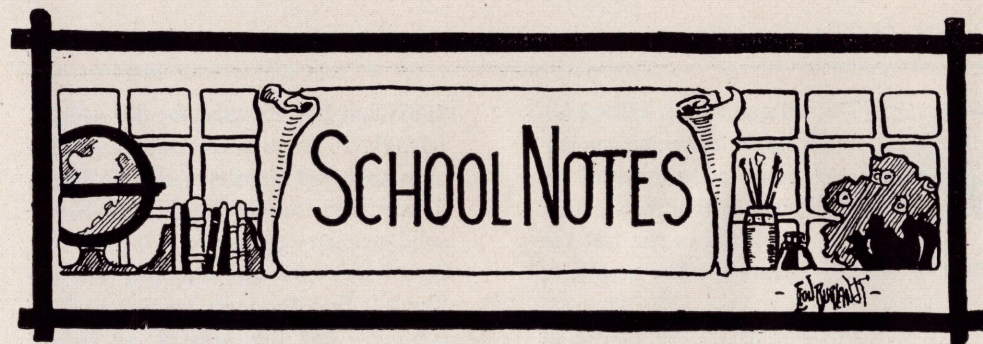
Music clubs give their yearly concert.

First shipment of Senior B rings arrives. Become very conspicuous when worn by others.

sixteenth: final tea dance of year. Refreshment committee introduces two-bite cupcakes.

twenty-fourth: hundreds enjoy themselves at Junior Promenade.





## JUNIOR PROM!



The Junior Prom, cleverly transformed into a scene from the popular motion picture, "Flirtation Walk", included an unusual feature, a floor-show, presented by Virginia Hagberg and Czelia Roberts.

## SENIORS!!

### CAP AND GOWN COMMITTEE

The officers and class advisers of the Senior A class named the following members of the Cap and Gown Committee: Isabelle Brogan and Ralph Edwards, co-chairmen; Beatrice Bouley, Donald Corley, Helen Keegan, Vivian Lederer, Barbara Washburn, Grace Speranyo, Sarah Bornak, Richard Decelles, Donald Landry, Charles Passe, Francis Pierce, Ernest Cancilla, Henry Griffen, Richard Lavelle, and Earl Pilon.

## L'ASSEMBLE FRANCAIS!

On Thursday, May 9, the French students had an opportunity to witness a French play, "L'Homme Qui Epousa Une Femme Muette", given by the members of the French Club of the Lenox School for Boys. Our gratitude is extended Miss Millet for her efforts in bringing this interesting and thoroughly enjoyable event to P. H. S.

## EXHIBITION AT THE G. E. FOUNDRY!

About thirty-two students of P. H. S., accompanied by Mr. Leahy and Mr. Conroy, attended an exhibition held at the General Electric Company for their benefit. Mr. Fyvie welcomed the group and spoke to them on the foundry in general. Mr. Basilio gave a talk on "Types of Furnaces", while "Manipulations of the Foundry and Types of Sounds" was the subject of Mr. Moran, who has been in the department for fifty years.

Mr. Kenyon conducted the visitors through the plant where they observed the actual operation of the electric, oil, and blast furnaces and the pouring into molds of the molten iron. The group were allowed to watch an electric furnace in operation. The visit was thoroughly enjoyed and was most instructive.

## SPRING TEA DANCE!

On May 16, the third and last in a series of tea dances was held in the gymnasium with a large number of students attending. Music was furnished by the Shire City Orchestra. Because of the success of these dances, the series may be continued next year.

## COMING EVENTS!

June 3, a sound moving picture is to be presented to all science and vocational students. The picture, depicting the history of automotive transportation since the invention of the first car, and shown by the Chevrolet people, will be presented on a seven-period day schedule.

May, 1935

[23]

## JUNIOR PROM COMMITTEES

### GENERAL CHAIRMAN

James Sweeney

### DECORATIONS

George Dominick, *Chairman*

Virginia Ford  
William Volin  
Homer King

Esther Strout  
Daniel Secunda  
Richard Scharmann

### REFRESHMENTS

Eldred McCartney, *Chairman*

Norman Lusignan  
John Arigoni  
Robert Burt  
Rena Dondi

Helen Radka  
Harold Patterson  
Jean Phillips  
Sanford Head

### TICKETS

Joseph Torchio, *Chairman*

Walter Shields  
Joe La Casse

Ray Caravaty  
Caesar Cardeski

Ernest Renaud

### INVITATIONS

Elinor Moynihan, *Chairman*

Marjorie Bates  
Irma Ricalzone

Howard Fohrhaltz  
Grace Morse

Dorothy Klein

### HOUSE

James O'Neil, *Chairman*

John Nicholson  
Frank Hines  
Harry Sloper

Steve Surccoie  
Patrick Ceceri  
Robert Daley

### RECEPTION

Rita Ranier, *Chairman*

John Roe  
John Wright  
Barbara Bridgman  
Mary O'Donnell  
Esther Strout  
Marian Dellar  
Margaret Hennelly

Fred Stebbins  
Harriet Holden  
Martin Keegan  
Robert Howard  
Philip Freeman  
Sarah Rabinoff  
Raymond Sears

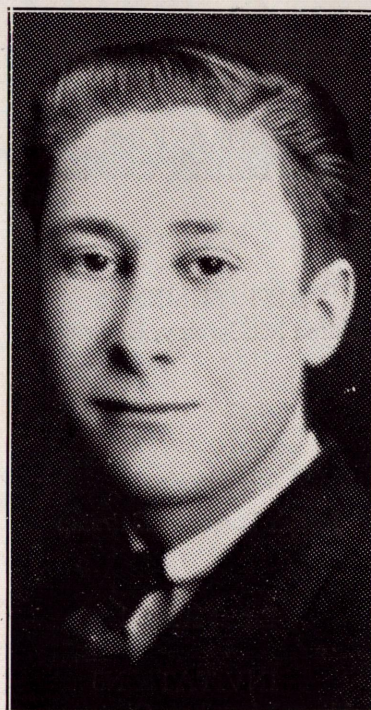
### PUBLICITY

Ernest Renaud, *Chairman*

Fred Stebbins  
Paul Pagery

Rosemary Monahan  
Robert Nelson





## ORATORICAL CONTEST

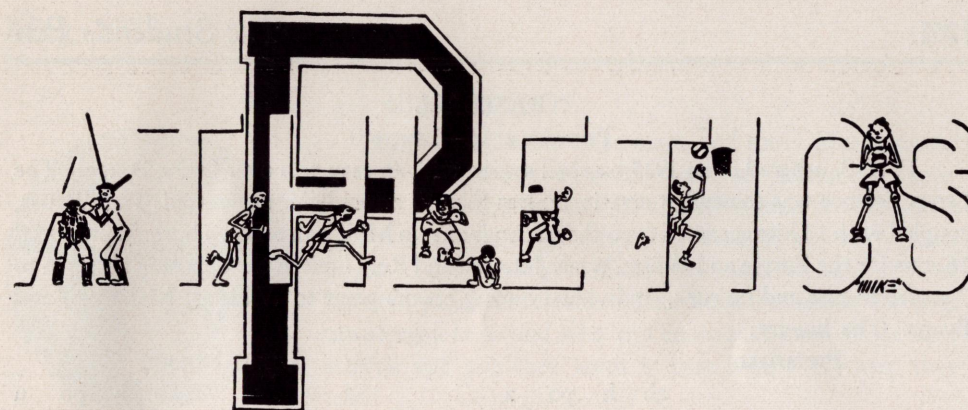
GIVING an address on "Clarions of Peace," Richard Burdick was acclaimed victorious in the annual speaking contest held at the high school auditorium on Tuesday, May 21, at a double assembly. Burdick captivated the audience of students and parents with his dramatic ability and unusually fine speech.

Honorable mention was given to Armand Feigenbaum who chose as his subject, "Education in the Future." Both winners are active in extra-curricular activities including orchestra, Debating Club, and the STUDENT'S PEN. As winner of the first prize, Burdick may select a book of his own choice.

Mr. McKenna is to be commended for his untiring work in coaching these boys, for without his efforts the contest would not have been possible.

Judges for the contest were Miss Alice Downs and Mr. John Joyce, of the English department, and Mr. George Innis of the modern language department. The program for the contest was as follows:

Richard Burdick, "Clarions of Peace"; Donald Harrington, "March of Democracy"; Peter Barrecca, "Propaganda"; Charles Kline, "Frontiers"; Armand Fiegenbaum, "Education in the Future"; Leonard Kohlhofer, "Munitionmakers and War"; Daniel Secunda, "The Menace of Huey Long"; Norford Newton, "Federal Housing Administration"; Edward Gebauer, "Youth Challenges the Nation".



## SPORTOPICS

THE show must go on. . On May 8, "Dallo" LeBlanc bruised his ankle down in the Gym. It swelled . . . it colored . . . it hurt. He bathed it that night . . . kept it in hot water for three long hours . . . and massaged it late into the night. Result: a stellar performance by D. LeBlanc in the gymnastic exhibition the following night . . . and felicitations to all who participated in the demonstration . . . the whole show was good, even the candy . . . History repeats itself . . . just ten years ago Saturday, May 11, 1925, the Pittsfield High representative baseball nine defeated Lenox . . . defeat again hounded Lenox as our boys stowed an appetizing 16-0 victory under their belts on May 11th of this year. Sh-h . . . don't say we told you, but Lloyd Gross whispers that P. H. S. will take first place in the Western Mass. track meet this year . . . he ought to know. Football occupied a place in the sun of spring sports when Steve Trepacz and Spud Arigoni recently attended a punting school conducted by Leroy Mills at Williston Academy . . . we shall expect some good kicking from these boys in the Fall. P. H. S. athletes take their sports seriously . . . baseball candidates traveled the considerable distance (at least two miles) to Root field for practice . . . and some of the tracksters motored all the way to Williamstown to work out on the Williams College cinder path . . . Alex Bachuzewski, pole vaulter, has a broken wrist. . . Just after the Pittsfield-Williams frosh track meet someone asked Coach Carmody what the score was . . . "What do we care what the score is?" he bellowed. "The boys did fine. I'm satisfied" . . . so let this be said of our track team . . . they satisfy.

## GYM EXHIBITION

On May 9, Coach Carmody's leaders' class demonstrated its remarkable physical prowess and versatility before a large, appreciative audience of approximately 700. About 75 boys, graceful, muscular, and physical paragons all, participated in the exercises which included a wand drill, boxing match, tumbling, rope climbing, balancing, Indian club drill, tiger leaping, pyramid building, and feats on the parallel bars, rings, horse, and horizontal bar. Paul Ferland led the wand wielders through their rhythmic paces, and Tom Sitzmann conducted the Indian club drill. The LeBlanc brothers, reminiscent of the Flying Codonas and Hanneford family, thrilled with their intricate manoeuvres on the parallel bars and with their tumbling. The tiger leaping event, performed from a spring board, was captured by Tom Sachetti and Angelo Lombardi.



## BASEBALL

PITTSFIELD 16—LENOX 0

P. H. S. ushered in its 1935 baseball season with an easy win over Lenox School. The Lenox defence was somewhat erratic, no less than 17 errors being committed. The miscues, coupled with 13 hits garnered from the offerings of two Millionaire-Town hurlers, produced 16 runs for the Purple and White, while Johnson and Reid limited the opposing batsmen to 7 scattered hits and no runs. Individual hitting honors went to Williams, Mahauski, and Evans. The line-up:

PITTSFIELD					LENOX SCHOOL				
	ab	h	po	a		ab	h	po	a
Barnini, 2b.....	6	1	1	2	Donald, 2b.....	4	2	3	2
Evans, 3b.....	6	2	0	0	Hollins, c.....	3	1	7	1
Ferry, ss.....	5	0	1	3	Penvenne, 3b, p.....	4	1	1	6
Williams, rf.....	5	3	2	0	White, lf.....	2	0	1	0
M'hauski, lf.....	6	3	1	0	Upham, cf.....	3	0	2	0
H'trom, cf.....	5	1	1	1	Ritchie, rf.....	1	0	0	0
Gil'gan, 1b.....	5	1	8	0	Mac'l'tic, ss.....	2	0	1	2
Carey, c.....	5	1	9	0	Pf'lzer, 1b.....	4	1	11	0
Johnson, p.....	3	0	4	2	Butler, p.....	4	2	0	1
P'ridge, cf.....	1	0	0	0	Seam'rs, cf.....	1	0	0	0
Barber, 1b.....	0	0	0	0	J. Rein'r, rf.....	2	0	1	0
Reid, p.....	2	1	0	0					
	49	13	27	10		30	7	27	12

## PITTSFIELD HIGH 10—ALUMNI 4

Coach Stewart's charges opened their season with a victory over the Alumni, 10 to 4. The undergraduates did very well considering that not much practice was afforded them. A considerable number of players was used during this game. The Alumni succeeded in garnering five hits off the offerings of pitchers Ferry, O'Connor, and Krause. The big guns for our team were Harold Williams and James Ferry, who managed to acquire two hits and a walk apiece out of as many times at bat.

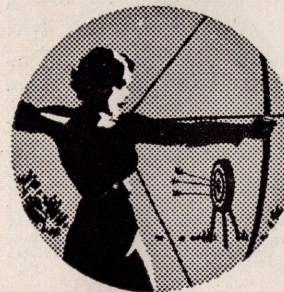
## TRACK

PITTSFIELD HIGH vs. WILLIAMS COLLEGE FRESHMEN

Coach Carmody's track team dropped its opening meet to the Williams College Freshmen by the score of 83 2-3 to 24 1-3. Our boys did better in the track events than in the field events. Nils Hagstrom, miler for the team, won his event in the good time of 4 minutes, 50.7 seconds. The high jump was taken by "Chuck" Jordan at the height of 5 feet, 6 inches. Lloyd Gross came in second in the 220 dash, and "Buddy" Evans took second in the 440 run. Cordeschi, Ferland, "Joe" Gull, Christopolis, Munson, and Scullary also succeeded in placing. After this showing a good season is expected when the team goes into competition with high schools.

George Betts, '35  
Thomas Enright, '35

## GIRLS' SPORTS



Robin Hood walks once more, and timid souls beware! Avoid that area directly in the rear of the school, for henceforth every Monday and Thursday afternoon will find a group of Senior A girls bending their bows at a distant target. Though not yet able to cleft a willow wand at three hundred paces, nevertheless after only one lesson the girls can string a bow; and who will know that some of our most athletic still grit their teeth in pain with every step they take?

"The old order changeth, yielding place to the new."

In the most exciting game of the basketball tournament, refereed by no less a personage than Coach Carmody, last year's champions, now seniors, bowed in defeat to a mighty junior combine consisting of such able players as Bunny Millet, Theresa Ranti, Marie Nucifero, Rita Cullen, Theresa Testa, and Muriel Puask. There is a tradition in P. H. S. that to the Juniors goes the championship and although this year's victors are determined to break the unwritten law they will have a hard struggle with the fastest sophomore team we have ever seen in the girls' gymnasium.

In spite of a natural disappointment at losing in their senior year, the tournament ended as it began, in a spirit of good-will, fun, and fair play; and the Senior Team wishes for the coming year. Good Luck and may the best team win.

On Friday evening, May 3, the girls' annual gym exhibition took place. Following is the program of events:

1. Indian Club Drill	Soph. B.
2. Correctives	Soph. B.
3. Tap Dance (The Man on the Flying Trapeze)	Junior B.
4. Waltz Drill	Soph. A.
5. Military Drill	Junior A.
6. Danza Espanola	Junior A—Senior B.
7. Rope Dance	Senior B.
8. Line Study (Shawn)	Junior A.
9. Squadleaders	(All Classes)
10. Extase (Shawn)	Special Group
11. Glowworm (revival)	Soph A.
12. Finale	

As a last event, letters, numerals, and points were awarded. The following five girls received their school monograms: Rita Cullen, Lorraine Millet, Marion Spiewak, Margaret Leslie, and Florence Solera. To win their coveted emblems, these girls have worked faithfully to receive the four school letters necessary, and thus they deserve much credit.

An orchid to "Bunny" Millet because she is the first junior in P. H. S. to receive a monogram.

The exhibition was a success both socially and financially.





On Monday evening, May 7, 1935, the Girls' Swimming League held its first annual banquet at the Boys' Club. Mr. James M. Keegan, superintendent of the club, acted as master of ceremonies. Guests from the school included the Misses Elizabeth McLaughlin and Margaret Ward of the Physical Education Department and Miss Margaret Kaliher. Other guests present were Mr. William O'Connell, president of the Boys' Club, Mr. George Tucker, Mr. John M. Flynn, Father Marshall, and the principals of the various Junior High Schools.

Ida Lightman as captain of the P. H. S. team made a farewell speech to Miss Irene Lambert, instructor of swimming at the Boys' Club. The following members of the team also attended: the Misses Dorothea Poulin, Roma Levy, Irma and Erica Palme, Marguerite Fagley, Alicia Olinto, Claire Germain, Dorothy Choiniere, Lloydann Perry, Marion Sinclair, Barbara Gamwell, and Margaret Flynn.

A resume of the year's swimming activities was given by Lloydann Perry. The banquet was terminated when Miss Lambert, coach of P. H. S.'s victorious mermaids, was presented a gift from the team.

Beatrice Bouley '35  
Margaret Flynn '35

#### AUNT KITTY'S DIRECTORY OF FAMOUS EDUCATORS

MR. WILLIAM D. GOODWIN

Domain: 110

Subject: Latin

Great accomplishment: Has not, as yet, injured either his desk or his hand in one of his more wrathful moments.

Famous saying: "Close your books now whether you are ready or not."

Second ditto: "If you don't learn anything else today, learn this."

Present pastime: Thinking up "flunkiferous" tests for the mental befuddlement and amazement of his third and fourth year classes.

MR. CLARENCE T. CAREY

Domain: 148

Subjects: History, Latin

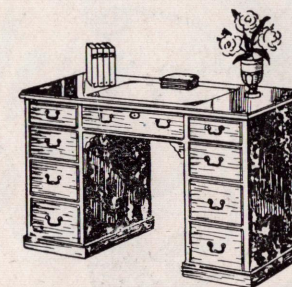
Great accomplishment: Reads but does not reveal the contents of every available diary in P. H. S.

Famous saying: "Stop the discussions (Keep still)."

Second ditto: "Try not to choke on that candy."

Present pastime: Golf? ! ? ! ? ? ? ? !

## On the Editor's Desk



End of our Chapter:

If you won't dance, sit out with these for a spell: We think our *ambition* at Commencement will be to think up an ambition in our sophomore year, next time, so we won't have so much brain-racking the following two semesters . . . Or to design an auditorium, the seating capacity of which is adjustable (by putting the stage on rollers and shoving it into the back yard) . . . To be a draft clerk in a bank (to open and shut the windows) isn't bad. . . . And, then again we should like to write the *Eagle's* "Notebook" for just one week . . . and we have always wanted to take the *tick* out of *tock*.

Time Out:

Strong: "What's the technical term for snoring?"

Oliver: "Sheet music."

Random Thought: can't you feel it?

IT is spring:

It IS spring:

It is SPRING!

Writing a column is a rare treat. The treat never seems half so rare as when one *has* to write a column.

When we came into office, we courageously undertook the writing of this column, thinking, of course, that we were merely to write what we thought. We soon discovered a would-be columnist stops thinking when his typewriter top comes off and starts when it goes back on. To listen to the well-meant advice, "Write a column of original jokes", is not so

original—but it is itself a joke. Is there anything more ridiculous than to be told,

"Sit down and seriously write something funny"?

We recalled the Voice of Experience with a cold water bottle on its head, a glass of water, a box of aspirins, and a clean sheet on the typewriter. We imitated experience, adding some midnight oil for good measure. We thought of taking the afternoon off that night. . . .

We still had a clean sheet of paper.

Glancing through some exchanges, we discovered a column entitled, *The Roving Reporter*. After one feverish look at it we bang out something like this:

"We think that if the column headed *The Roving Reporter* were spelled with an 'a' instead of an 'o', it would be more appropriately titled."

Well, it's a starter, anyway. The clock strikes the half hour. We wait to hear it ring the hour. We now have half a glass of water, half a box of aspirins, and half a joke.

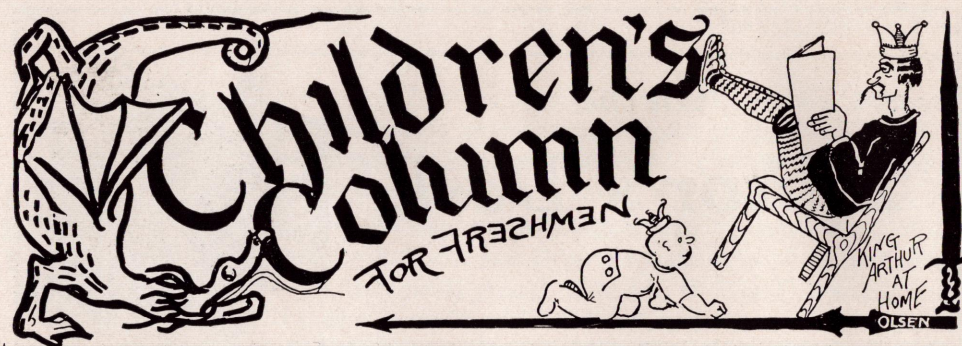
In a last desperate attempt, we play "Social Brief" editor and rattle out this:

*Mystery a la Stein*

If Packard had a Packard and Esther didn't pester Packard, girls would still be girls and Math would pester Esther.

We realize we shall have a controversy on our hands as soon as this is printed, but in our present mood, we are ready to take all comers. We have two jokes. We have written a column!





## a fairy tale

HA, HA, children, this is your error. you are not going to get a fairy tale this time, i'm conducting an advice to the lovelorn column. no edgar i am not the voice of experience why the very idea. it is by request that i do this. here's a letter i received:

Dear Aunt Kitty:

I am writing to you to complain about the amount of publicity I'm getting. When a Senior B in high school can't go about without having everyone talk about her doings then it's time for her to complain.

*Measles*

my dear senior:

you are almost as bad as the prince of wales and mr. meehan. i heartily agree with you, but what can i do?

patronizingly,

*ant kitty*

Dear Aunt Kitty,

I have an inferiority complex which I would like to get rid of as I love a sophomore who loves a senior who loves a junior. What would you recommend?

*Robert Randolph Ralston*

dear robert:

you are indeed handicapped. we recommend squibb's toothpaste, if that doesn't work try smiling. if that doesn't work, do some work yourself. if that doesn't work, take latin. the ability to sing "O tempora! O mores! O heck!" in the proper tone is a mark of extinction. we mean distinction. ego scio.

affably,

*ant kitty*

Dear Aunt Kitty,

Can you tell me the meaning of reciprocity in a hurry? I've gotta know for my next period class. Please hurry!!!!

Gratefully,

*Bewildered*

dear i don't blame you:

as far as i can see, reciprocity is a clear case of tit for tat.

*the steward's fren'*

*ant kitty*



## Social Briefs



I've found out from reliable sources (from an aunt of his) that Mr. McKenna is really quite good-natured at home. Oh! the irony of Life!

\* \* \* \*

After an ardent admirer of Mr. Maloney had told all to do as the great geology teacher, everything was spoilt by Mr. Maloney's saying, "Please don't take me as an example, because I do things you little boys and girls shouldn't do."

\* \* \* \*

Bright Student: "I don't know the answer."

Mr. Maloney: "Where have you been all this time?"

Voice from rear: "Oh, he's been around."

Ever witty Mr. Maloney: "Yes, but not at the right places as sleeping in class shows."

\* \* \* \*

I'm sorry if I disturbed the tranquility of your days, folks (meaning Measles McNaughton, Mr. Meehan, and Mr. Maloney) by giving you so much publicity. I do admire your modesty.

\* \* \* \*

Economic students shouldn't complain. Think of the trouble future students will have trying to straighten out the present muddle we are in. (We also pity Mr. Meehan and his famous "Problems".)

\* \* \* \*

Striving for a better attendance, one teacher remarked to her home room, "This is fine; all here, except Brown. Let us hope it is something serious which keeps him away!"

\* \* \* \*

What's the difference between a teacher and an apple?

Ans. Ha, ha, the joke is on you. There isn't any. When teacher eats his lunch, they coincide.

\* \* \* \*

One of our teachers claims that the only time a man is happy is when he has a cigarette lighter and a wife, and they're both working.

\* \* \* \*

And then there's the enterprising Senior B who called up the office in search of information for the PEN, announcing, "Miss Nugent, this is the STUDENT'S PEN speaking."

The conceit of some people!

\* \* \* \*

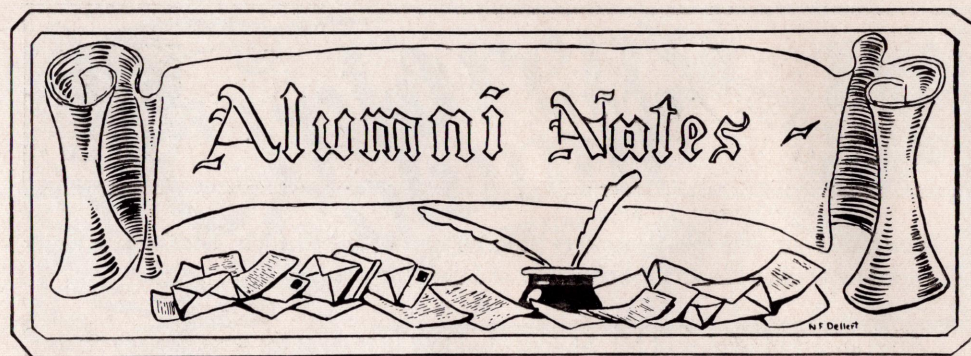
It seems that a certain Junior, initials W. C., homeroom 148, would like to know why he was always chosen for the cheese in games of "The Farmer in the Dell". (Hint: he wears glasses).

\* \* \* \*

I got this month's nickname from the victim's own family. It is "Buddy" and belongs to Robert Beals.

Sinsilly yours, Len





'27 As a result of a competitive examination taken by more than 400 medical students from every part of the country, Antonio G. Massimiano of the graduating class of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the Columbia University Medical Center has been awarded one of the twelve surgical internships for two years.

Mr. Massimiano was graduated from Williams College in 1931, receiving his degree "cum laude". Since entering the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia, he has been awarded honors for ability and promise shown as a medical student. He is a member of the Alpha Kappa Kappa medical fraternity.

'32 Calvin S. Hannum will play the part of John the Baptist in the annual commencement performance of the Roister Roisters' "On Corpus Christi Day" at Massachusetts State College.

Marguerite Millet, a senior at the University of Vermont, has received a college blazer as an athletic award.

Frank T. Wetstein of Dartmouth College attained an average of 3-2. His name appeared on the Semester Report of "Men of Distinctive Scholastic Accomplishments" recently announced by Dean Lloyd K. Neidlinger.

Nancy Walker, a junior at Wellesley College, was named a Durant Scholar. The title of Durant Scholar is the highest honor Wellesley bestows.

'33 William H. Parsons was among the thirty-nine juniors mentioned on the Dean's list at Union College in Schenectady.

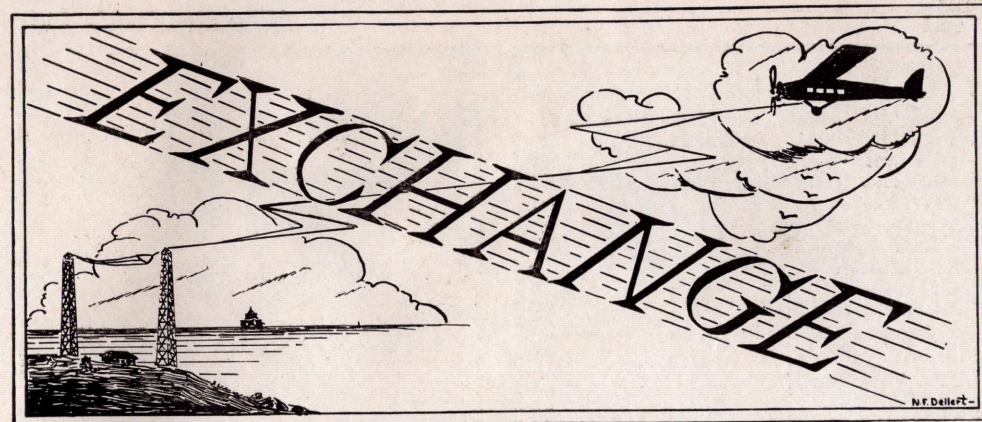
Nelson A. Foot also was among the thirty-nine juniors whose name was on the Dean's List at Union College.

Robert J. Finklestein achieved a scholastic average of 3-8 for the first semester this year. His name also appeared in the Semester Report of "Men of Distinctive Scholastic Accomplishments" announced by the Dean of Dartmouth College.

Karl McEachron, a sophomore at Purdue University, is keeping up his outstanding record which he established at Pittsfield High School. He made the honor roll with an average of 97. Karl is the acting adjutant at Purdue, which means that he takes care of \$30,000 worth of band instruments.

'34 Viola Surowiec has again scored maximum honors for the past term at Bay Path Institute. This recognition requires the student to have all grades above 80 per cent and at least one half above 90 per cent.

Idalane Dresser, '35



*The Beacon*, Chelsea Senior High School, Chelsea, Massachusetts.

The first thing to attract our eye was your clever cover design. It was very appropriate as well as attractive. We liked, too, your review of current stage shows, an entertaining and helpful feature.

*The Purple Quill*, Ball High School, Galveston, Texas.

We think your "High School Winchelizing" a unique feature of your magazine. By the way, we should like very much to be commented on in your Exchange Department.

*The Echo*, Central Catholic High School, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Your literary section is excellent. We admire your magazine as a whole, for it spells distinction.

*Skoll Nooz*, Randolph High School, Randolph, Vermont.

We always like to receive your magazine because it is so complete. Your "goo-goo" and literary sections especially caught our eye. Why don't you include a few cuts? They would add much.

*Chls Review*, Cambridge High and Latin School, Cambridge, Mass.

We are looking forward with much interest to the next issue of your magazine, for we are sure that the girls will have numerous articles disproving those very belittling statements which the boys submitted in the April issue.

Ellen Duxbury, '35

Rosemary Cummings, '35

\* \* \* \*

Because of the groans issuing from Miss Nicholson's posture classes, she has devised this rhyme:

If you die before you wake,  
I will see that you're laid out straight.



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PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

## The Student's Pen



MAY, 1935